

# HEADS UP

Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Saturday, April 5, 1919

Vol. II

"Genius is seldom found in those who model"

No. 82

Enlisted Men's Dance in Ward C Tonight

Courtesy of N. C. W. C. and K. of C.



Not one "wink" returned

## HEADS UP

Published daily, except Monday, at U. S. Army Debarkation Hospital, No. 52, Richmond College, Va.

### STAFF

General Manager.....Corp. Hanson  
Circulation Manager.....Pvt. Dunning  
Staff Correspondent.....Pvt. Midkiff  
Staff Cartoonists.....Dunning and Hanson

### AND

Everybody on the Post.

Direct all correspondence to the General Manager, "Heads Up."

### MAIL

Arrives—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

Departs—9:05 A. M. and 4:30 P. M.

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land an'  
sea;

An' what he thought 'e might require,  
'E went an' took—the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,  
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,  
They 'eard old songs turn up again,  
But kep' it quiet—same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they  
knewed.

They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
An' 'e winked back—the same as  
us!

—Kipling.

### CONFESSON.

Within the arrangement of nature death comes to all. We, meaning "Heads Up," have heard them bringing in the oxygen tank and know that the Doctors have given out a bulletin reading "No hope. It's a matter of hours." In "shuffling our mortal coil" that look toward the "unexplored country from whose bourne no traveler returns," gives us pause and makes us look to our soul. It is written that confession is good for the soul, and in consonance with our Romanistic training we proceed, but publicly that our repentance

may more fully measure up to our guilt. So, little brother down the James, we must confess that the sin of Cain was in our heart. Being human, our vanity was inordinately tickled by your clever imitation and apt aping of our "every little movement having a meaning all its own." "'Tis human to err" and after having spent hours, yes days, in sorting over clover patches for a lucky four-leaf edition that was distinctive, we were very peeved at the perfect imitation of our four-leafed clover adorning an alien button hole with your alien world left to think that four-leafed clovers could be plucked so readily, and so originally by the wearer of the imitation. In our youth we worked and sweated for this little four-leafed clover. Now you wear it, and the shriver of our sins tells us to add welcome! We do and we say, Thrice Welcome!

### WHEREFORE PURGATORY AND THE PROOF THAT MORTAL DOES NOT GO ALL WHITE.

We ask you, little brother down the James, (And we do it so quietly and softly in the hope that our priest and our Maker will not hear it, and charge our scroll with it) gently again, we ask you, Why, Oh Why did you not give us one little "wink back" as 'Omer down the road and the fisher folk did with each other? We would have understood and been very proud of your appreciation. Just one little wink from you would have kept us out of purgatory. There we are ready to go now. Our four-score and ten are clicked off and you have your youth. Forgive us, little brother, for the peevishness of old age, and in your time and turn you will understand this too. Our confession has helped us and we hope that although it has hurt you, it eventually will help you as well. "Nurse! put another pillow under our shoulders. We can't breathe, and are even now looking into the Beyond."

### SPEAKING OF PLAGIARISM.

There is and never has been anything new under the sun. Sub-lunar novelty simply does not exist. No idea is the property of one particular person. Yet the handling of an idea often becomes personal, and another's appropriation of the method of handling this same idea is a matter of his own literary conscience.

## HEADS UP.

The broad, good manners of social intercourse are supposed to govern also the society of creative effort.



He is truly wise who gains wisdom from another's mishap.



GIVEN BY THE K OF C.  
DANCE! DANCE! DANCE! TONIGHT!  
THE LAST BIG DANCE!!!

Will take place at Old Ward C, good music, refreshments and plenty of girls. You are also privileged to bring your girl, you who have one.



CHRISTENINGS AND CHRISTENERS,  
OR OUR OWN JOHNS THE  
BAPTISTS.

Here are some of the monickers that came up the last six months. The nicknames are as accurately credited as possible.

Nicknames.	Authors.
Lila (Miss Leaf) .....	K. A. Johnson
Mose (Hochwald) .....	Q. M. Laverenz
Dominic (Lt. Walsh) .....	Heads Up
Little Eva (Dunning) .....	Heads Up
Desperate Ambrose (Sgt. Bowen)	Heads Up
Shimmie (Pvt. Campbell) .....	Heads Up
Nick Carter (Stauffer) .....	Heads Up
Hawkshaw (Hartley) .....	Heads Up
KaCy (Mr. T. B. Kelly) .....	Heads Up
Gentle Slopers (Nurses) .....	Heads Up
Daddy (Capt. Conway) .....	Heads Up
Bo'daline (Capt. Westmoreland)	Heads Up
Cupid's Alley (Nurses Home)	Miss Conneley
The Casino (Ward C) ..	Mr. K. E. Johnson
Slats-Up (Capt. Slattery) ..	K. E. Johnson
Heads Up (Hanson) .....	The entire Post
Lemons (Shankweiler) .....	Sgt. Bowen
Temporarily (Wagel) .....	Sgt. Schultz
Red X (Red Cross) .....	Heads Up
Flat Tires (Hester) .....	Campbell
Hair Tonic (Shevlin) .....	Unknown
Doctors (Captains) .....	Lt. Walsh
Yankee Doodle Army (U. S. Army)	Lt. Walsh
Swede (Cpl. Rowe) .....	Unknown
Stadium (Bull Hollow) .....	Hollister

## SPEAKING OF SYNONYMS.

Lt. James J. Walsh, whether originating them or not, spoke them always with just the right invective. Jimmy has always been off Medical Officers, and usually referred to them as cock-eyed, hump-backed Johns, or Bevo soldiers.

Among ourselves, it is a matter of interesting conjecture just what the old regulars—we mean Capts. Repp and Morgan, Lt. Walsh, Sgts. McDermott and Hollister—thought of us as material for real soldiery. We know positively that the expurgation of Jimmy's opinion would require some time before it appeared in print. We for one have gone to the verbal mat with James J. any number of times, and while we claim a few ties, must admit no victories and several defeats. We rather liked it when he said we were full of bull and that there wasn't a doctor on the Post, but he really made us wince with a possible guilty feeling when he called us a warm-mitted, glad-handing, honey-blowing defrauder.

## ON HIS OTHER SIDE.

It pleases us to record that Lt. Walsh is in receipt of a letter from Sgt. Troupe, now discharged, and at his home in New Britain, Conn. Sgt. Troupe's letter is a man to man civilian letter, most complimentary to Lt. Walsh. Since the Sergeant left here and before being mustered out, he saw somewhat of the workings of the Q. M. Departments elsewhere. From his observation and his loyalty to his own Q. M. Department here spring commendatory expressions of our own Q. M. Department and Lt. Walsh (Heads Up regrets that the Sgt. made no mention of Petersburg, the Q. M. Dog, or of Genevieve the Q. M. Cat).



A guilty conscience never feels secure.



## Beware of a Flirt.

What the dress is to her grace;  
What the powder's to her face;  
What the perfume to her senses;  
That's what you are to her fancies.

And as quite often—you may presume—  
She changes dress, powder and perfume  
Her friends she changes without pain,  
'Cause she knows no love and is but vain.  
—M. Hochwald.

## HEADS UP

"APRIL FOOL IS PAST, YOU'RE THE BIGGEST FOOL AT LAST."

Give of them, count them, five. One for each day, since the first of April. The roll call of the April First gulls will appear further down the text, if you're interested. Some member of the Mischief family, gender unknown, phoned in here and dated up five of our social lions for a party at 816 Franklin St., Richmond, to occur the night of April 1st. It is said that the great minds read cheap detective stories and have their weak moments when they will fall for anything. Be that as it may, our five social lions, combed their manes, shook their shaggy coats, sharpened their claws and stalked down Franklin St. Right here the denouement, the plot unfolded, the telling of right names, as it were. APRIL FOOL! Behold an empty, darkened house! If anyone says Mrs. Black or Mrs. Wilson to Sgt. Bowen again, he is going to grab for a calendar, and if the month is April, see whether it is the first or not. Same for Greenberg. Same for Midkiff. Same for Weiner, and the writer reluctantly adds the same for Dunning and ye now Editor, Hanson. Bowen is pulling a wise move in pretending to have been in on it, but that is awfully old stuff for such a good actor. "April Fool is past, and who's the biggest fool at last "

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Y. M. C. A.

One of the most pleasing entertainments which has been offered at this post, was the one given Thursday night by the F. G. S. Trio, under the direction of the Y. M. C. A. at the "Y." recreation room. While a comparatively small number of men were present the program was enthusiastically received, and the applause left no doubt in the minds of the artists as to their being appreciated. We wish to comment most favorably on the happy selection of numbers for a soldier audience, both by Mrs. Farrington and Miss Guild. A program such as these people presented is both an inspiration and an uplift. We hope we may have them with us again.

—o—

Moving Pictures Saturday night at the Red Cross House—The Border Wireless, starring William S. Hart.

## FILINGS FROM THE FILE.

We have tried it, and take it from us putting your foot on the rail in front of a bar doesn't make a soft drink taste any "stronger."

—o—

"Caesar Firmly" Dunning warbles: "When you are engaged, give the girl an engagement ring set with an opal. Then you'll have something on which to blame your bad luck after you marry her."

—o—

We are looking forward to Prohibition with Great Glee, because every day will be Sunday and 9:30 will be the middle of the night.

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Q. M. Strong says: "Before you get her she sits on your lap. And after you get her she sits all over you."

—o—

"Buck" Peters: A man can manage 500 men in his plant down town. But that doesn't keep his wife from managing him when he is at home.

—o—

Pvt. 1st Class Strautman left yesterday for Camp Hill for discharge.

—o—

Pvt. Drohn, former member of Debark. 52, now stationed at Newport News, paid a visit to the boys of this post Thursday.

—o—

Pvt. Procopio is also a lucky one and left for Camp Hill for discharge.

—o—

Battle-Cry of the Wets: "Don't give up the Nip!"

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## THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER.

1. Thou shalt honor thy country, thy flag with all thy heart, with all thy strength, with all thy soul and with all thy mind, and thy commander in chief next to them. This is the first and great commandment, and none other is like unto it.
2. Thou shalt honor and give diligent heed to the commands of thy superior officers, be they whom they may, that thy days may be long in the service of thy country, and thy nights bring peace of mind, for such is the law.

(Continued tomorrow).

SEE YOU TOMORROW.